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Toronto Junction.

20% off all School Books.

All the Daily Papers delivered in Weston, Lambton and all parts of Junction.

Books of all kinds for sale.

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NOT SURE.

"What would you call a good Junctionite, Harper?',

"Well, Flintoff, a good Junctionite is a man who does something for the town, or does the town for something; I'm not sure which."

NO DANGER.

"I'm so afraid, Harry, that after we're married you'll change."

"No, Maud. You'll never find any change about me."

DON'T LEAVE.

Stranger.—"Did you ever hear of anyone having their brains knocked out after leaving the Junction?"

Kelly—"No, I never did. Anybody leaving Toronto Junction wouldn't have them with them."

ON THE STREET CARS.

Conductor—"Don't you see that sign, 'No Smoking Here?'"

Passenger—"Yes. It isn't strictly truthful, however; I'm smoking you see."

NO NEED.

Marr.—"I often wondered why more of the Junction boys didn't go to the war."

Mahar.—"Oh, it's no wonder. This isn't leap year, you know."

H. E. SNELL - GROCER - TORONTO JUNCTION

H. E. SNELL...
...Groceries
Provisions

Flour, Feed,
Butter, Eggs, &c.

Telephone No. 1

Cor. Dundas St. and Pacific Ave.
TORONTO JUNCTION

SURE.

Hamilton—"Do you think it possible to heal merely by the touch?"

Blackstock—"Why, certainly. My doctor heeled himself by touching me for a hundred."

MOST CERTAINLY.

Speculator—"But can I trust him?"

Gabel—"Trust him? Of course you can; he's from Toronto Junction."

GONE.

Matron—"Didn't the alarm go off?"

Bridget—"It must ev wint aff, mum; I can't foind it this mornin'."

Held up up two tramps—a bottle of old rye.

ALL THE BETTER.

"The price of bread is advancing," said the baker.

"I'm glad of that," said little Willie; "Ma will bake more cakes now."

Anderson—"By jove! I had a close shave last night."

Tovel—"Why, how was that?"

Anderson—"I was at Jack, the Barber's."

SHEPPARD—
The
Watchmaker

Repairs
Watches, Clocks,
and Jewelery
to give satisfaction.

All work warranted.

49 Dundas Street West
TORONTO JUNCTION

MOONLIGHT NEAR THE HUMBER.

[The words and music of this song might be got at New York and Paris.]

On the banks of the Humber near the Junction,
It was there I bid my love a last good-bye ;
Many year's have passed since last I saw the Junction,
Many more will pass alas,—it makes me sigh.

CHORUS.

Oh the moonlight's fair to-night along Dundas street,
Towards the town there comes the breath of new-mown hay,
Through the subway there the 'lectric lights are gleaming,
On the street cars in the Junction far away.

I'd love to see that old familiar waiting-room,
Where I waited many years to see a car,—
But they say the Humberside is now near Keele street,
It is shining there just like the evening star.

Oh, the moonlight shines to-night upon the Junction,
On the many happy homes that now are where ?
Since all the cars have made the town so busy,
And the Humberside waiting-room's right there.

This, and many more of our songs, is sold in all the leading hardware stores in Pumpkin Valley:

Mary had a little corn
That grew upon her toe,
And everywhere that Mary went
The corn was sure to go.

"The Leader and Recorder takes the bun, Jack."
"Why, Frank ?"
"Because it's issued from a one-time bake shop."

JACK THE BARBER

Shaving Parlor

HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY

Full Line of Tobaccos, Cigars and Cigarettes.

51 DUNDAS ST. WEST

Toronto Junction

Mrs. Tracie—"Do you realize, my dear, that you have never done anything to save your fellowmen any suffering?" Tracie—"Didn't I marry you?"

Business Pressure.—Watt—"Are you very busy at the bicycle works?" His Son—"Busy! Why if I were to die to-night they'd expect me to go to work to-morrow and work until the hour set for the funeral."

Had Read the Papers.—Minister—"Do you know what becomes of boys who tell lies and steal?" Newsboy—"Yep; when they get to be men they become politicians."

We don't believe there is any land in the Junction so poor that you couldn't raise a disturbance on it.

A darkey says: "All men are made of clay, and, like Meerschaum pipes, are more valuable when highly colored."

Boarder—"This tea seems very weak." Landlady—"It's the warm weather. I feel weak myself; in fact, everybody complains."

Weston Farmer—"How were the crops of hay?" Neighbor—"Poor. The grasshoppers all got lame trying to jump from one blade of grass to another."

A local man who is perfectly bald, offers a large reward for a story that will make his hair stand on end."

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

C. A. KELLY
Proprietor

Cor. VanHorn & Dundas Sts.
Opposite Bank of Commerce.

FIRST-CLASS TABLE

Large Rooms. Every Accommodation

Imported and Domestic
Cigars

ALES, WINES AND LIQUORS
A SPECIALTY

TORONTO JUNCTION

"Ma, there's a mosquito on the back of papa's neck. Shall I hit it?" "No, Willie, your father might not approve of it; he's a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

Book Agent—"I hear that Billy Duncan is rather slow. Kirkwood—"Well, I'll be darned if you'd have thought so if you had seen him sit on that hornet's nest last summer."

Lady—"I smell cabbage burning." Billy—"Oh no, that man who just passed is smoking the 'Toronto Junction Cigar.'"

Billy—"That guessing on the Humberside Waiting-Room sign was very funny." Charlie—"Yes; funny as a funeral."

Landlady—"Will you have some butter, Gordon?" Marr—"Thank you; I belong to the temperance society and can't take anything strong."

Boy—"The Toronto Junction Cigar is a good one." Gentleman—"Why any fool knows that." Boy—"Oh! Is that why you know it?" The gentleman grew black in the face.

Parody on "The Red, White and Blue."

Old Ireland's the home of free freedom,
The Junction's the best place on earth,
The Humberside Waiting-Room forever,
Three cheers for the lands of our birth—&c.

STANDARD
FUEL CO.

Best Value for the Lowest Prices

Branch Office:
37 Dundas Street W.
TORONTO JUNCTION

CAUGHT NAPPING.

Johnny—"Pa! Are Kings and Queens always good."

Pa—"Not always, my boy; not when there are aces out against them."

KNEW HIM WELL.

"Duncan wants to borrow some money off me. Do you know anything about him?"

Musson—"I know him as well as I do you. I wouldn't lend him a cent."

COURT DISMISSED.

Police Magistrate—"Are you the defendent in this case?"

Prisoner—"No sah! I hes a lawye' hi'ed ter do de defendin'; I's de man dat done stole de chickens."

GREAT ADVANTAGE.

Roy (examining Willie's baby brother)—"He ain't got no teeth."

Willie—"Course he ain't; he aint old enough yet.'

Roy—"Young Thompson ain't no older 'n what he is, an' he's got a hull lot uv teeth."

Willie—"That's nothin', 'n 'sides young Thompson's Pa, he's a dentist."

CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

"Size is diminished by distance, Rice."

"Oh I don't know, Fawcett; our boys looked bigger at Sunnyside laager than they did at home."

A. M. GABEL

Merchant Tailor...

First-class Fit Guaranteed.
Try a Suit; you'll be pleased.
Full line of Gents' Furnishings.

53 Dundas Street W.
TORONTO JUNCTION

Our ministers who boast that they can preach without notes, don't mean bank notes.

An old lady coming to the Junction and taking her first ride on the street cars, remarked when the car ran off the track: 'You fetch up rather sudden, don't you?"

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless lawyers happy.

Graham—"I wonder what induced McDonald to marry his typewriter?" Gordon—"I suppose he wanted to get a typewriter of his own."

Was Treated Well.—Lady—"I think you are the worst looking tramp I ever saw." Tramp—"Ma'am, It's only in the presence of uncommon beauty I look so bad."

Too Much for Figures.—"Pa, where has little sister gone to?" "To Heaven, my son." "And where has brother Jack gone to?" "To Toronto Junction, my son." "Pa, how far is the Junction from Heaven?" "My son, there are no figures big enough to express the distance."

"And why would you like to work in the bicycle works, Johnny?" "Well, you see, sir, I aint fond of hard work,"

Bantams—"There is more kicking in base-ball than there is in foot-ball."

IF . . .

you

see

it

in

... The Tribune ...

IT IS

TRUE !

A Trilby.—The night was dark in Toronto Junction, and somebody turned on the light. The moon shone bright. What! moonlight and the light burning! Alas; alas; the town is doomed.

Like a Camel.—Johnny—"Pa! They say a camel can go two weeks without water." Pa—"So can I—ahem!—I mean to say, Johnny, that that is a very long time."

A Soft Snap.—Jack—"After school to-night I got to go ter Snell's fer groceries; cut kindlin' wood; build two fires; go to the post-office book store; empty the ashes; fill the coal box, and then go ter the bicycle works." Fred—"You've got a reg'lar picnic, you have. Why just think of me! Mother says I've got to mind the baby to-day after school."

Finnigin, the section boss, got a letter from the superintendent, saying that the next time a wreck occurred on that section, not to write a hundred-paged letter like the last one, but be more brief. The next wreck Finnigin's report was, "Off ag'in, on agi'n, gone ag'in.—Finnigin."

A Hutch—try the Toronto Junction Cigar.

A Cheap Way.—Convert—"The way it is with Christian Scieuce is: If you are sick, you just say you are well, and you are." Willie—"I wonder if a guy could get drunk on that system."

Aunt—"Oh, Johnny! Your mamma has got two nice new babies." Johnny—"That's just like mamma. I suppose she thought by getting two she would get them cheaper."

IF
YOU
SEE
IT
IN

the LEADER and RECORDER
TORONTO JUNCTION, EAST TORONTO VILLAGE,
NORTH TORONTO,
AND THE TOWNSHIP AND COUNTY OF YORK.

BELIEVE
IT;
IT IS
DOUBLY
TRUE!!

'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is rising in the wide, wide west;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog is on his downy nest;
The pensive goat and sportive cow
Hilarious hop from bough to bough.

—SHAKESPOKE.

The other day some boys dropped an anvil weighing two hundred pounds out of a fourth-storey window on the head of an African who was passing, and he had them arrested. He said he was "willing for de boys to hab some fun, but when dey jammed a gem'man's hat down ober his eyes an' spoiled it in dat way, de law must take its course."

A gentleman from Toronto Junction once drove up to a hotel, and giving his horse into the care of the hostler, said:—"Extricate this quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, supply him with a sufficient quantity of nutricious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illuminate the horizon, I will amply remunerate you for your amiable hospitality." The hostler rushed in to tell the boss that a Frenchman had gone crazy.

The Longest Words in the English Language.

Anthropophagenavian.
Incomprehensibility.
Subconstitutionalist.
Disproportionatliness.
Philoprogenitiveness.
Honorificibilitudinity.
Velocipedestrianistrial.
Provantitrasubstantiationistical.
Humbersidewaitingroomtorontojunction.

WM. MAHAR

Livery



First-class Horses Easy Buggies

Low Terms

Horse Clipping a Specialty

Next to the Town Hall

TORONTO JUNCTION

Wasn't Talking About The War.—The Major—"They'll have to manufacture more Bobs that—" Englishman (excitedly)—"What? What's that you say? You should be very careful in your remarks; you're the last man that should talk sarcastically about the English. Why there's enough Bobs out there now to wipe out the whole Transvaal." The Major—"I didn't—" Englishman—"Manufacture! Indeed; quite a compliment to Lord Roberts." The Major—"Its the new chewing tobacco I'm talking about." Englishman—"Oh, I apologize. I agree with you there. I have some in my pocket now; have a chew? The Bobs Chewing Tobacco has no equal."

Very Modest.—Despond—"What I like about the Irish is that they are so modest and unassuming." Frank—"Holy smoke!" Despond—"Fact, when an Irishman does anything great he does not go bragging of his ability as another man would. He merely brags about Ireland."

The latest joke—it's not out yet.

Bicycle Works.—Sup't—"I've had my eye on you for the past hour and you've been doing nothing. This is not the first time, and remember, I'll not speak to you again." Pat—"That's alroight, sur; we'll git on much betthur if you don't kape worryin' me about it."

Too Much for Him.—"What will be the duration of the cessation of this equippage at the next halt?" enquired a Junction maiden of the conductor. "Which—who—what?" he gasped. The young lady repeated the question. "No, ma'am; there's no such station on this road; but at the next stopping-place I'll let you off, and you can take the train back." She thought he was a fool. He thought she was an escaped lunatic.

THE JUNCTION GUIDE

15c. A YEAR

Sent to Any Address.

16 VanHorn Street

TORONTO JUNCTION.

Would Be Safe.—A party of travellers, in a passenger coach were talking over their travelling experiences and the danger of accidents, and finally the question arose as to the safest part of the car. Failing to settle the question among themselves they called up the conductor and one of them said to him: "Conductor, we have been discussing the matter of the safest part of the car and want to know your opinion." "Want to know the safest part, eh?" replied McNeely. "Yes; that's it," "Well," continued the conductor, after borrowing a chew of tobacco, "I've been on the road for fifteen years, and have been turned over embankments, busted up in tunnels, dumped off of bridges, telescoped in collisions, blown off the track by cyclones, run into open switches, and had other pleasant incidental divertisements of kindred nature, and I should say, gentlemen, that the safest part of the car was that which happened to be in the shop for repairs at the time of the accident. Toronto Junction! Weston! Change cars for North and East!"

A Contemptible Fellow.—"I never was so insulted in all my life!" she exclaimed. "What did he do?" asked her dearest friend. "We were all alone and he threatened to kiss me." "Well?" "Well, we were all alone and he didn't do it." "Oh! Oh! the brute!"

Dar's a town out west dat has got nineteen mile ob gals.

It was Freddy's first drink of soda water, and drinking it with perhaps undue eagerness he was aware that it caused a tingling sensation in his nose. "How do you like it?" inquired his mother. Freddy thought a moment, wrinkling his nose as he did so, and then observed: "It tastes like your foot was asleep."

JOHN MARR
Builder and
Contractor
Toronto Junction...

Amounts to the Same Thing.—Hass—"Poor Bond! he's gone over to the silent majority." Eadie—"Why—I—When did he—Is he dead?" Hass—"Well, no; but he's married."

Mrs. Jackson—"How is dis? A pail of cinders an' ashes." Mrs. Murphy—"Faix, whin Oi borrowed the loan av a pail av coal, didn't Oi say Oi'd return it to yiz?-and here it is." Mrs. Jackson—"Yes; but it's no good in that state. I can't use it 'gain, like de Standard Coal."

A mild form of suicide—the Toronto Junction Cigar.

Mere Precautions.—Smyth—"Why do you lock the bank every time you go out? You are not afraid somebody will steal anything, are you?" Jennings—"O, not at all. I merely want to be sure that everything will be here when I return."

Too Soft.—"Any soft drinks, Billy?" "Only hard cider."

Mixed Berries.—A young tailor named Berry succeeded to his father's business and sent in his account to Gabel somewhat ahead of time, whereupon Gabel, in a rage, wrote him the following:—"You must be a goose, Berry, to send in your bill, Berry, before it is due, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would have had more sense. You may look very black, Berry, and feel very blue, Berry, but I don't care a straw, Berry for you and your bill, Berry."

A. H. MILLAR

Jersey & Holstein Dairy

ICE CREAM

made from
Pure Cream.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Delivered to all parts of the town.

92 Dundas St. West

TORONTO JUNCTION

TOASTS.

Here's a health to me and mine—
Not forgetting thee and thine,—
And when thee and thine
Come to see me and mine,
May me and mine
Make thee and thine
As welcome as thee and thine
Make me and mine.

. . .

THE CONNETICUT TOAST:—"The Nutmeg State! where can I find a greater?"

. . .

TO THE SCHOOL MAIDS OF TORONTO JUNCTION:

May they add virtue to beauty; subtract envy from friendship; multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper; divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination.

. . .

Here's a health to all those that I love,
And here's to all those that love me.
Here's a health to all those that love those that I love,
And here's to all those that love those that love me.

. . .

Here's a health to you and your's, who have done so much for us and our's; and when we and our's have it in our power to do for you and your's what you and your's have done for us and our's, then we and our's will do for you and your's what you and your's have done for us and our's.

. . .

FIVE-CENT STRAIGHT.—Here's to the Toronto Junction Cigar. May its fame, like its smoke, rise to beautify the lovely summer clouds.

Toronto Junction Fire Alarm Signal Boxes.

12 Corner VanHorne and Dundas Street.
13 Pacific Avenue and Dundas Street.
14 Hoskin Avenne and Dundas Street.
15 Frederick and Dundas Street.
21 May and Annette Streets.
23 Pacific and Humberside Avenues.
24 Annette Street and Quebec Avenue.
25 Annette Street, near Lakeview Avenue.
31 Annette Street and Western Avenue.
32 Weston Road and O. and Q. Crossing.
34 Edmund Street and Davenport Road.
35 Edmund Street and Pelham Avenue.
36 Kingsley and Cooper Avenues.
41 Davenport Road and Churchill Avenue.
42 Weston Road, near Heydon's Store.
43 Corner Keele and Grove Streets.
45 St. Clair Avenue, near Argyle Street.
46 Corner Campbell and St. Clair Avenues.
47 Lozier Bicycle Works.
51 Weston Road, near Brown's Hotel.
52 C.P.R. Shops.

The Beautiful Snow.—"How beautiful is the snow!" he said. "So white, so pure, so universal. It falls alike on the rich and poor; it turns the beggar's hovel to a dream of glistening beauty. It——" But just then a snow-ball caught him under the ear and a half ton of the same material fell from a roof and lodged between his collar and his neck and—he spoke no more."

A Brave Fellow.—The man who whistles at danger—a locomotive engineer.

I stood in the hall at midnight and the clock was striking the hour;
Her pa slid down the balustrade and kicked with all his power.
Oh, little I reck'ed her parent's boots were filled so full of feet;
I went on the "spur" of the moment and landed on Keele street.

A Junction Wedding.—"Everything is about ready aint it, sister?" said a local preacher who was going to perform the marriage ceremony near Black Creek Valley. "No; Sam aint come to guard the back winder yit. Tom's at the front door an' Elic's at the gate, an' as soon as Sam gits to the back winder everything 'ill be ready. You see, John Henry is sorter timid like, an' when it comes to the pinch of the game his courage mout fail him an' he mout try to make a dash for the woods. Polly knows this, an' she aint taken no chances. She's got the boys posted where they can stop John Henry if anything should happen."

The best air for Junction girls—millionaire.

COULDN'T PROMISE.

Father—"Now, my son, if I give you some money to spend while you are in the Junction you wont speculate in real estate will you?" Son—"No, father." "Nor bet on the races?" "No, father." "Nor drive fast horses?" "No, father." "Nor take that there soda water with a stick?" "No, father." "Nor buy random gold bricks, or have anything to do with them slick fellows?" "No, father." "Nor squander your money foolishly—not even in the Humberside waiting-room?" "Now, father, you are asking too much." "Well, my son, I know I am. I didn't mean the last. Now here's seven cents, but be very careful."

Dedicated to the Cigar Called "Toronto Junction."

My good old friend in lazy way,
I've watched your varying gostrings
sway.
I've touched your lips in fond caress;
I've smoothed the creases of the press.
Half solemnly I've seen the fall
Of each white ash and noted all.
The warmth, the fire that in you lies,
I've valued with a lover's eyes.
And doubt if Ceylon's breezes be
More rich in spice than you to me.
Till now, at last, I lay thee down,
Scant in thy coat of lessening brown,
And sadly ponder as you burn
for me within your funeral urn,
That friendship's noblest lot you've
known,
You gave your life to cheer my own.
—5c. STRAIGHT.

Minister—"Do you attend church regularly?" Johnny—"Yes, sir; every Christmas."

"Toronto Junction, May 20th, 1900.

"My Dear Dick,—

"Some time ago you advised me to have the famous Toronto Junction cigar for that tired feeling. The other night I swiped a box from Billy Duncan, and the feeling of weariness left me at once. I ran faster than I ever did in my life, but was overtaken by a gentleman in blue, who I think must have taken two boxes. Do you think if I had taken more I could have beaten him? Please reply as soon as possible, as the information will be of great value to me in the future.

"Yours very truly,
"Nit.

HONESTY.

"Honest? Well I should say he was. He actually refused to steal from the Government."

Before taking a Hutch, try the Toronto Junction Cigar, 5c. straight.

Fawcett—"What makes you so late?" Boy—"The teacher kept me in because I couldn't find Moscow on the map of Europe." Fawcett—"No wonder you couldn't find Moscow. It was burned down in 1812; the teacher's crazy."

AFRAID OF DISEASE

Doctor—"Why; are you going to leave simply because you have to talk through the telephone?"

Bridget—Av coorse Oi am. Oi don't want to be inhalin' the breath av thim T'ronto peaple all the toime, begob!"

A reward is offered for the person caught uslng $10 bills for lighting the Toronto Junction cigars.

York District, C.L.A.

June 9—Shamrocks at Richmond Hill.
June 16—Richmond Hill at Shamrocks.
June 26—Newmarket at St. Catharines
July 2—St. Catharines at Rich. Hill.
July 2—Shamrocks at Newmarket.
July 11—Rich. Hill at St. Catharines.
July 12—Newmarket at Shamrocks.
July 26—St. Catharines at Newmarket
Aug. 2—Newmarket at Richmond Hill.
Aug. 6—Shamrocks at St. Catharines.
Aug. 9—Richmond Hill at Newmarket.
Aug. 11—St. Catharines at Shamrocks.



Senior City League.



June 23—Tecumsehs at St. Michaels.
June 23—Toronto at Shamrocks.
July 7—St. Michael at Shamrocks.
July 14—Tecumsehs at Shamrocks.
July 21—Shamrocks at Tecumsehs.
July 21—Torontos at St. Michaels.
Aug. 4—Shamrocks at Toronto.
Aug. 4—St. Michaels at Tecumsehs.
Aug. 11—Tecumsehs at Toronto.
Aug. 18—St. Michaels at Toronto.
Aug 25—Shamrocks at St. Michaels.
Aug. 25—Toronto at Tecumsehs.

Have You Tried "BOBS" Chewing Tobacco?

ASK FOR IT.

"OTTER"

Is the Best 5-ct. Cigar on the market.

"MANHATTAN"

10-ct. CIGAR

IS THE BEST YET.

Save Manhattan bands; they are valuable.